

# THE INTELLIGENCER.

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WHEELING, NOVEMBER 23, 1899.

### Mr. McGraw's Brief.

Mr. John T. McGraw is a very smooth citizen. He is the incarnation of suavity and urbanity, but for ways that are dark and tricks that are vain Oily Gammone was a feeble amateur compared to him. He has caused to be published a momentous brief of a case that is not before any tribunal in the country. It comprises a condensation of ex parte testimony authorized by no one except himself, and which is wholly for himself. It is in the nature of a pamphlet in which he recites the alleged circumstances which moved him, in a spirit of touching sacrifice, "to preserve to West Virginia a republican form of government." The state is bound to remember him, his heirs or assigns for this remarkable act of self-abnegation. We do not see how it can escape a substantial recognition of his efforts in this line short of a statue of immolation, representing the yawning gulf whose gaping jaws received with whetted appetite this modern Curious.

Mr. McGraw has one thing that is very commendable in all young men—ambition. So had Cardinal Wolsey, who was much older than Mr. McGraw, but who saw his only too late, and was "left naked to his enemies." Being decidedly friendly to Mr. McGraw—as a young man with ambition—the Intelligencer would very much regret to see such a misfortune overtake him.

Mr. McGraw besides possessing the qualities of a smooth citizen, has certain hypnotic powers as a slick politician, which he has been practicing on the remnants of the Democratic party in this state for some years. Politics with Mr. McGraw takes the form of amusement. In anything he undertakes that line he must not be considered seriously, in spite of the fact that he saved to his native state a republican form of government and allowed us to go on enjoying life and pursuing happiness in the manner guaranteed us by the benign provisions of the Constitution. For these reasons we positively cannot "view with alarm" the portentous document he seeks to frighten us with. Some day, perhaps, when in a nervous mood, we may recall its Faustian terrors and ponder over the tear-moving sacrifices of him who by one fell act cleared the sky of anarchy's torch-lit reflections and saved the virgin soil from being dewed with the rich, red authentic blood of our sovereign mountaineers. At present we are calm; and refuse to be moved. We opine with others endowed with a moderate amount of perspicacity that Mr. McGraw's transparent motives can be seen through.

In his contention in regard to Senator Scott's title to his seat in the United States senate he becomes too hypocritical to hide his Tartuffian scheme. He aims to be the leader of the Democracy of this state. To gain this end he first allowed himself to be sacrificed in the congressional campaign with Mr. Dayton. Having a robust appetite for sacrifices he gained the caucus nomination for senator through the hypnotic influences of his bar. Falling in with anything but the sobriquet of the "Knight of the Purple Penicil," he now poses as a martyr. Making sacrifice after sacrifice, and piling immolation upon immolation, he now says to the aforesaid remnants of the Democratic party in West Virginia, "all these things have I done for thee, and all I ask is to lead thee unto ulterior objects which I have in view."

Mr. McGraw has no more idea that the United States senate will pay any attention to his political pamphlet, which he affects to call a brief, than he has of voting for President McKinley next year. But his trick is to use it in the next campaign to work up some energy in the Polonian tribe in his party while he plays the Hamlet. When he says it is shaped like a camel they will acquiesce. Changing the form to a weasel they will, of course, assent that, come to think about it, it is backed like one, until it takes the final form of a whale under the discriminating guidance of this leader of West Virginia Democracy.

As the Democratic party has swallowed everything in a way of issues we do not see why it should gag on a whale, especially one of the artistic Mr. McGraw's construction.

### An Unusual Contest.

A unique political contest is now going on in Alabama, which is attracting the attention of the country. Governor Johnston, of that state, covets the seat of Senator John T. Morgan. They are now conducting a campaign of joint debates throughout the state, which will continue up to the time of the election. As both are Democrats, and are arrayed against each other on the ques-

tion of the policy which the government should pursue in the Philippines, the outcome will be watched with more than usual interest. Governor Johnston is a radical anti-expansionist, while Senator Morgan, as is well known, has supported the administration's policy, and is a pronounced expansionist. The sentiment in the south is gradually warming to the policy now being pursued towards the Philippines, and this debate will take the form of a liberal education on the subject in that section of the country. The fact of two prominent Democrats opposed to each other on a great national issue on the eve of a presidential campaign, indicates how hopelessly the Democratic party is divided.

Senator Morgan in reply to Johnston's argument against the present Philippine policy, is quoted as saying: "I knew he was opposed to the Cuban war; I knew the cries of women and children muffled by Weyler had not touched his heart. He has no human sympathies unless he can see benefit to himself. He would rather have the flag of Spain, with all the cruelty and devastation it symbolizes, flying over the Philippines than the glorious flag of the United States, which represents progress and humanity."

The debate promises to arouse intense feeling, but if the right feeling finally predominates then will the discussion not have been in vain.

### Mr. Roberts' Case.

A great many well meaning people in encouraging the crusade against the Mormon congressman-elect have allowed their feeling in the matter to blind them to a sober consideration of the law governing the case. The Intelligencer is heartily with them in their endeavors to prevent Mr. Roberts from exercising any of the functions of a congressman, but it does not see how this can be attained by peremptorily demanding that he shall not be allowed to take his seat. It cannot be done. The question is a moral one. It is not whether Roberts was lawfully elected, but whether he ought to be allowed to take and retain his seat. The law in the matter must be considered.

The Louisville Courier Journal is discussing this point, puts it patly when it says: "All members-elect to the house whose credentials are regular are put on the roll by the clerk of the last house, who holds over for the purpose of organizing the new house. All the members on the roll have a right to be sworn in and participate in the organization. There is nobody to prevent them except the clerk of the last house, and he can not look beyond the credentials of the members. To give him the power to decide who of those whose credentials are regular should be sworn in, would allow him to determine what the political complexion of Congress should be. No such power could safely be conferred on an employee of Congress, even if the constitution would permit it. But Congress may judge of the election and qualifications of its members, and by a two-thirds vote expel a member. Thus a member with regular credentials may lose his seat on a contest by expulsion. Nobody has contested Roberts' seat. He may be expelled, but it requires a two-thirds vote. Whether this can be had or not remains to be seen."

These facts settled the moral element of the country should direct all its efforts towards impressing upon congressmen that their duty in the preservation of the sanctity of the American home lies in voting for the expulsion of the Utah member. Mr. Roberts in defending himself against attacks for his polygamous belief, emphasizes the painful truth that there are greater vices elsewhere than in Utah, but this contention is not relevant to the subject of allowing him to represent in the highest law-making body in the land a practice that is condemned by the United States statutes, and one which is at wide variance with the religious and moral sentiment of the people. Mr. Roberts cannot be prevented from taking his seat, but he can be expelled, and that, we take it, is the course that he pursued.

### The Official Vote of Ohio.

An analysis of the official vote cast at the recent election in Ohio discloses some interesting facts. The total vote cast in the state was 230,446. This is almost exactly 100,000 short of that of 1896, which was 1,020,107, but it is the largest ever cast for a governor of Ohio.

The vote for governor was divided as follows:

George K. Nash (Rep.).....47,190  
John R. McLean (Dem.).....39,178  
Samuel M. Jones (N. P.).....140,731  
Seth H. Ellis (U. R.).....7,790  
George M. Hammel (Pro.).....5,525  
Robert Bandlow (Sec.).....2,409  
Judge Nash's Plurality, 8,025

Caldwell, who ran on the Republican ticket for lieutenant governor, received more votes than Nash, yet only received 12,720 plurality over Patrick, the Democratic nominee. The vote stood: Caldwell, 423,394; Patrick, 415,684. In commenting on these features the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette says: "The meaning of these results is apparent on their face. There were three strong candidates for governor and but two for each of the other offices. Therefore it is but natural to find that Judge Nash's vote is the least of any candidate on the Republican state ticket. That his plurality is the largest is not due merely to the candidacy of Samuel M. Jones.

A glance will show that not only is McLean's vote the smallest cast for any candidate upon either the Republican or the Democratic state ticket, but also that Judge Patrick ran ahead of McLean by 47,405 votes. On the other hand ex-Mayor Caldwell, of Cincinnati, ran 11,205 votes ahead of Nash. A comparison of Caldwell's vote with that of State Auditor Guilbert and other Republican candidates shows him to have run behind his ticket some 15,000 votes.

This is a fair measure of the effect upon him of the persistent attacks of the State Anti-Saloon League. The league's boast that its organization had cost Caldwell 40,000 votes is clearly unfounded. With Caldwell's polling 11,000 more votes than Nash, and within 15,000 of the rest of the ticket, Judge Patrick's lead over McLean of almost 50,000 is seen to be due to other than anti-saloon causes. It represents clearly a Democratic loss to Jones.

Patrick's superiority over McLean as

a vote getter was not confined to any one quarter of the state. The returns by counties show that in every county but one Patrick leads the Cincinnati who put him on the ticket against his will. The lone exception is Monroe, where McLean leads by just one vote. In Monroe McLean got 1,710, Patrick 3,709. This was the county, too, where Jones' vote was the smallest. The Jones sentiment made no impression on the dark hills of Monroe, where they are still voting for Andrew Jackson. Out of a total vote of 5,399 in Monroe Jones captured only nine.

Nash carried 55 counties; McLean carried 31 counties; Jones carried 2, Cuyahoga and Lucas; as against McLean, Nash carried 57 counties.

Caldwell carried Cuyahoga, Lucas and Hamilton, but lost to Patrick nine of the counties which Nash carried, namely, Delaware, Hancock, Knox, Morrow, Perry, Preble, Ross, Tuscarawas and Williams. Caldwell thus carried 49 counties and Patrick 39. Patrick carried Williams county by a plurality of one. Caldwell ran ahead of Nash in Allen, Auglaize, Butler, Cuyahoga, Defiance, Erie, Franklin, Hamilton, Hancock, Huron, Henry, Lawrence, Mahoning, Mercer, Monroe, Montgomery, Ottawa, Perry, Richland, Scioto, Stark, Summit, Van Wert, Wood and Wyandot—twenty-five in all.

The Intelligencer cautioned the people about condemning Admiral Dewey in regard to the reported transfer of his house to his wife before all the facts were ascertained. Some who have expended their surcharged indignation now owe an apology to the admiral.

Aguiñaldo may meet the conquering Americans without fear, but how will he face his wife when she inquires for her wardrobe that was left behind in his flight. For the first time in his career the rebel leader has the sympathy of all the American people.

Senator Sullivan, of Mississippi, is the latest southern senator to join Morgan, Tillman and McLaughlin in advocacy of expansion. It may not be long until the feeling on this subject will be practically unanimous.

As Thanksgiving draws nearer the causes for our gratitude increase.

### POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

When a woman won't she will if she says she won't.

A professional workman makes his living by working workman.

Ambition without pluck and energy is a useless possession.

You touch the button and the rattle-snake will do the rest.

It marriage is a failure Solomon's wisdom didn't count for very much.

Some inventors spend all their lives in trying to make both ends meet.

Unless a man has self-respect he cannot command the respect of others.

If you are at a loss to know how to take a man let him remain where he is.

The Sabbath was made for man—probably for the publishers of Sunday newspapers.

Cod liver oil hasn't half so bad a taste as the man who wears a silk hat with a sack coat.

No man ever solves the problem of how to become rich. He wants a few dollars more than he ever gets.

Don't measure things from one point of view. The woman who can drive a horse may be unable to drive a nail.

Some men are capable of greater things than they perform and some of them attempt greater things than they are capable of.

According to law the widow is entitled to her third, but after the funeral of her second man are apt to be a little shy of her.—Chicago Daily News.

### REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

No man can set a proper example to his wife and to the children at the same time.

Most every woman wears a bunched look the first day she has her heavy unison suit on.

It never makes an old bachelor any more miserable because he knows what makes all the married women hate him so.

Some women go through life acting to a man like he thought all they ever did was to eat ice cream and say how-de-do to the minister.

No woman who chooses to go "round with a man's shirt, collar and necktie" on has any business to expect a man to take off his hat to her.—New York Press.

### PASSING PLEASANTIES.

"Wiggins, did you marry in haste?"

"No; but I got engaged in haste; that's just the way it happened."

"Who was the scientist who made the discovery that baldness is a sign of intellect?"

"I don't know his name. All I know is that he was bald."—Indianapolis Journal.

Bridget—I can't stand the miscegenation. Von Blumberg (sarcastically)—It's a secret, Bridget, that I couldn't have selected a wife to suit you. Bridget—Sure, sur, we all make mistakes.—Tit-Bits.

Home Ties No Drawback.—He—Marie, can you tear yourself away from your loving father's roof and go with me? She—Mercy—yes; this isn't his roof; we're just renters.—Detroit Free Press.

Well Named.—Deacon Johnson—I call this yule oil mine "Poor Excuse," because it's better away from me than Jackson—Sho! I named mine after my duds son-in-law, 'cause he don't pay for his keep!—Puck.

"Young man," asked the proprietor of the store, who was making the rounds of the various departments, "how can you afford to dress so elaborately and expensively on the salary we pay you?" "I can't," gloomily answered the salesman, "I ought to have more salary."—Chicago Tribune.

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### PAID IN THE NIGHT.

Some Things About the Meteors That Failed to Keep Engagement.

Grand Rapids Herald: That venerable body of graybeards who have grown old sitting up nights armed with 10,000 candle-power telescopes trying to improve on the time card of the heavenly bodies and driving the timid into the cyclone callars for fear the heavenly bodies would crash together have had crape hung upon the doorbell of their fondlest hopes.

For months these scientific gentlemen who keep tab on the heavenly symphonies have been informing an eager public that during the week of the 13th of November the earth would meet a stream of stars millions of miles in length, 4,000,000 in breadth and nearly 1,000,000 in depth and that those who looked heavenward November 13 would witness acres of stars shooting through space and giving a general exhibition of high and lofty tumbling with an occasional horizontal bar accompaniment.

But the little stars were onto the astronomers and decided to change the schedule as mapped out by the committee on arrangements. They did not propose to lay bare to an all-wise public the new method of playing golf, tag and other mirth provoking games enjoyed only by these scintillating meteors "up above the world so high." Until the night of the 13th the ever faithful little stars stood their nightly watch for an eight-hour twinkle. When they observed the bald-headed sky gazers of the Lick observatory bringing forth their many long-ranged, double-action telescopes from the cellar preparatory to starting a brand-new investigating committee and observation bureau on the peak of the highest mountain they winked the other eye and disappeared, leaving the astronomers with their whickers in the telescopes and their eyes gazing steadfastly out into a wild, shoreless waste of shrinking, starless night and an adamant gloom that stuck out into space like a sore thumb.

The skies are still shrouded in darkness and the astronomers have folded their cameras and telescopes and wish to be alone with their surging thoughts. No doubt the little stars are twinkling and laughing in their sleeves in a realm somewhere all by themselves at the joke they played upon the professors, who caused the public to become so excited at the wonderful meteoric display to be seen in the heavens.

The stars, too, might have had a local interest in not appearing according to the astronomers' predictions. The fact that a local telephone exchange had over 900 names on its list of those persons who wished to be called the moment the fireworks began shows the great interest displayed here. Think of the mad rush in the telephone exchange to call everybody at once, had the meteoric display appeared, and of the crossed wires, cross words, cross girls and general meteoric display of fiery words, fiery tempers and fiery wires in the central office.

The non-appearance of the stars made the stay of the young in the parlor more prolonged than usual, and when mamma would inform her dutiful daughter Agnes that it was getting late, an angelic voice would reply: "Why, mamma, we're waiting for the meteors." About four hours later, when papa heard the pair still in the parlor he imagined that the dear, gushing Agnes must be waiting for the ice man.

The doctors, too, were disappointed in a few golden shekels by the side-tracking of the meteoric shower. So many delicately constituted young women would have enjoyed nothing better than gazing heavenward at an open window, letting the crisp air fan their cheeks and fill every vein, artery, capillary and pore with a glad exhilarating sense that they are freezing to death.

It has been an excellent excuse for the blasé man who is second lieutenant in the home circle, under the able and efficient command of his wife, to remain away from home until the small hours of the morning. When his breath reached the commander of the home circle several minutes before the husband hove in sight, "waiting for the meteors" was the new excuse for an unsteady gait and a breath that smelled like a burning load of hay going down the street. After assuring the wife that he would take his breath out doors and drive stakes in it and hang bags of disinfectants on each stake, he would be allowed to sleep in the woodshed with the cellar door over him.

The professors have now announced that they only made the slight error of a year in their guess, and that next year in November the shower is bound to appear. In the meantime the touching little school girl ballad has been revised by the professors and now reads: "Twinkle, twinkle, little star, How we wonder where you are."

### The Unlaid Ghost.

We sit at the table that other and I; Between us the glitter of glass and of plate.

The just and the wine and the tale go by; Till over the walnuts the hour grows late.

We smile at each other across the ferns, The gleam of the rose-shade tinges her face.

And something deep in me kindles and burns; When her slim throat pulses her yellow lace.

Where in my brain was that ghost of a sob? She? Ah, never again, I know! If only I could not be that thrub, Like the breast of a caught bird, frightened so!

Queer, how a trick of a vein will bring Dead memory down like a waterfall. The quivering, unforgetable thing Is such a little thing, after all.

A thing that a casual eye must miss— A bit of old lace, with the little air Of white skin under—only this— But, oh, how it always belonged to her!

"Dead," did I say? (How unlaid her brow!) Dead? Ah, that is for her—but I— Something stirred in my heart just now— Something I buried too deep to die.

Brave! This is as good as a play! Fool! To breathe so hard at the sight of a lace!

But, oh, to smile—and the terrible way Her throat will pulse in that yellow lace.—Post Wheeler in New York Press.

"I SUFFERED for months from sore throat. Electric Oil cured me in twenty-four hours." M. S. Gist, Hawesville, Ky.

### An Unpleasant Reminder.

James doesn't go to church often, but his mamma took him there last Sunday. Now she wishes she hadn't.

He sat demurely enough until the terrible man who indulged in a dreadfully inexcusable tremor, had finished his solo. Then he spoke up.

"Mamma," he asked in a shrill whisper, "what makes the man's voice shake so?"

"Hush, dear," said mamma. "I don't know."

"But, mamma," the little scamp persisted in a still louder whisper, "you know what papa's voice shook the other night you said it was beer?"

And that's why James' church privileges have been so rudely cut off.—San Francisco Examiner.

### CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

W. D. Hoagland

MADE IN U.S.A.

W. D. Hoagland

MADE IN U.S.A.

W. D. Hoagland

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